

February 7, 2024

Dear Community Members,

This is my why.

I was lucky enough to meet Wesley Charles Green one day in August of 2022 while I was out walking my dog in my neighborhood of Magnolia. I'd seen him many times before, for several years. He was hanging out at the local gas station, walking, philosophizing, sweeping, asking for change, hashing it out. I always wondered about him.

I decided to ask him if he was okay. He said he was. But he wasn't. He was unhoused and sleeping in a bush. He needed a friend, someone to listen to, and someone to really care. We went on a journey together. And it was one of the most beautiful and most painful experiences I've had. Wes taught me about friendship, unconditional love, and how to really see someone.

He passed away on December 21, 2022, alone, in a garage in Ballard, from hypothermia and a toxic mix of methamphetamine and fentanyl. It was below 20 degrees that night.

Wes needed a Circle of 10. He may still be alive if he had it. He may be in recovery, a college student reading all the books he loved, learning, and teaching. Reunited with his family that loved him deeply. Happy and safe.

The Circle of 10 is a chance for a different ending for another human who is struggling. And I'm all in.

A Tribute to Wesley from 12/22/22

I'm lighting a candle for my best buddy Wesley Charles Green. He was a lover of life and people. He liked to take his shoes off outside to get grounded. And it didn't really matter where we were. He loved books. And he was never without at least one (or 10). He collected National Geographic and loved to show them off. He loved music, playing the Fender acoustic (the good guitar he would say) and his harmonica. He loved basketball and bragging about his dunking abilities. He loved writing and button-down shirts. He loved Indian food, Kombucha, milk and warm soup with oyster crackers. He loved "hashing it out" with just about anyone. He loved his tools and his beloved rake (it's safe and sound with Martin, Wes). He loved his good buddy Martin (Martino as he would say) and working with him, learning from him, and just talking when he needed a kind friend. And if you know Wes, there was a lot of listening. He was a philosopher, a genius (really) and so articulate. At times he was infuriating and exhausting. He was also kind, gentle and loving. He gave the best hugs, fist pumps and hip checks. He was so handsome. He was funny, charming and people were drawn to him. He lost things all the time. He had Wes-isms: whatever's clever, the proof is in the pudding, nothing is lost on you, to name a few. He spoke often of his love for his mother (his best friend and supporter he would say) and his entire family. He shared many happy memories and I know he loved and missed them. He brought joy to my life and made it richer in so many ways. He reminded me that we're all just human. We all have a story and life is never a straight line. Some take more twists and turns than others, but the important thing is to try to get back on track. And it's okay to ask for help. There weren't many days I didn't speak to him or see him over the past five months. Step by step (as his Aunt Patty would say), we were on a positive path to a better life for him. He called me the master of lists. What's the next thing he would say. He was proud of his progress. He was complicated and broken in many ways, but he was in there. The real Wes, I would tell him, I see you. We lost him yesterday, 12/21/22. My heart is broken. But I know he is finally free, flying high beyond the stars, with his mother, and his shoes off, feeling more grounded than ever. You can rest now, buddy. I love you. Melinda

With compassion and gratitude,

Mindy Fitzgerald